



Quinquaginta
A Birthday Book
of Verses

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Mr. Henry Whitman
from his friend
W. R. Huntington.

Sept. 20.
1888.

Of the fifty copies of QUINQUAGINTA,

this one is No. 49.

Theo. L. De Vinne & Co.

Charles D. K. King

1890-1891

1891-1892

1892-1893

QUINQUAGINTA



NEW-YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED
MDCCCLXXXVIII

RB P.R 2044. 14445 1889x
ACC 2001-166 (335)





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*T*HAT a man at fifty should have been guilty of as many rhymed indiscretions as he has lived years is nothing strange. The wonderful feature of this case is my being able to count up fifty friends to whom I can send so odd a birthday book as *QUINQUAGINTA*, without fear of being laughed at for my pains. Possibly even this slender constituency may number some who will smile. But I take my chance.

The long poem with which the book opens was written at the request of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and was read at Cambridge in the Summer of 1870. This, it will be remembered, was the year of the Vatican Council, and it so happened that the Society's anniversary fell upon the very day on which the partisans of "Infallibility" were hoping to promulgate their now famous dogma. It occurred to me that it would be timely for the poet to set forth another doctrine of supremacy

than that which bases itself on Roman imperialism. I had no reason at the time, nor have I had reason since, to suppose that anybody among the listeners entered into the inner meaning of my parable. Still I enjoyed the comfort, all to myself, of knowing that the poem had a purpose, and that on the particular St. Peter's Day in question my cadenced protest was not wholly inopportune.

The most of the other verses in the volume have come into existence, from time to time, at the dictate of personal affection, and are the fruit of my friendships. The order of arrangement is, in the main, chronological.

W. R. H.

*Grace Church Rectory,
Twentieth day of September,
MDCCCLXXXVIII.*



QUINQUAGINTA



I.

THE SUPREMACY.



FROM ridge to ridge of ocean all day
long,
Lifted and pushed by giant arms
and strong

Full puffs of giant breath, our ship had sped
With only blue beneath and blue o'erhead.
Then, as I westward gazing watched the day
In brightening color burn its life away,
My thought ran out beyond the twilight rim
Breathed into shape half canzonet, half hymn.

I.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is
King?

I hear the click of wheels, and mark
The solemn pendulum of Nature swing
From dark to light, from light to dark,
And wonder, Who is King?

II.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is
King?

Tell me, ye mountains, stands the throne
In some high solitude where eagle's wing
Or the wild goat's quick foot alone
May find the hidden thing?

III.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is
King?

Thou watchful star that dost patrol
The regions of the twilight, canst thou bring
Through heavenly space my vision to the
goal
Of earth's long wandering?

IV.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is
King?

Doth iron Doom the sceptre keep?
Or golden Love? No answer can I wring
From earth or sky. Mysterious Deep,
Dost thou know who is King?

Scarce had the sea-breeze snatched the ques-
tioning cry

Before a voice, not loud, but wondrous
clear,

And heavenly sweet withal, gave back re-
ply,—

“Voyager, take heart. The Hand that
holds the sphere

“Shall wisely guide. The night is deep-
ening here;

“But pass with me yon faint horizon’s ring

“And thine own eyes shall tell thee who is
King.”

Eager to catch the fashion of a lip
Whose spoken word such gentle trespass
made,
I instant turned, when, lo, the laboring ship,
As if a mystic spell were on her laid,
Began straightway to shrivel, shrink, and
fade,
And masts and spars and shrouds and smoke-
stack all,
As in a sick man's dream, grew small, and
small;

Until within a tiny skiff alone,
Still heading towards the East, I seemed
to be,
How moved I know not, up that pathway
strewn
With spangles of bright silver, largess, she,
Empress of waters, Queen of oceans three,
Flings from her chariot to the subject waves,
To charm them to forget themselves her
slaves.

Thus o'er the darkling reaches of the sea
 We shot our moonlit course, the Voice
 and I,
For though he spake no other word to me,
 By subtlest sympathy I knew him nigh,
 As friends who sit and watch the embers
 die
On some old hearth-stone, all the closer
 feel
While night and silence slowly on them
 steal.

Full on the bow at last rose up a cliff,—
 An island cliff, majestic, solemn, lone:
And much I marvelled, Would my fragile
 skiff
 Be shattered on the inhospitable stone,
 And all my hope of looking on the throne
Be shattered too, and I, a shipwrecked
 thing,
Perish forlorn, nor ever know my King?

Then, as I braced me for the approaching
 shock,
 And through the dimness strained my eyes
 to see
If anywhere the edges of the rock
 Gave hope of foot-hold or escape for me,
 A sudden clearness set my vision free,
And I beheld the cliff's huge frontage
 wrought
With carven imagery more fair than thought.

A palace-temple builded high it stood,
 And all its lines shone lucid through the
 night,
Pouring their radiance o'er the unquiet flood,
 Until the very wave-tops, 'neath the might
 Of a new influence enchanted quite,
Sank down, content to lie and bask awhile
In slumbrous idleness before the isle.

Then had my eye full leisure to take in
The marvellous beauty of the fabric's
plan,
Though still I failed to guess had Nature
been
The easy builder there, or toilsome man.
In such wild symmetry the outline ran,
Surely the forest's architect, I said,
Hath done this thing, yet man remembered.

Meantime my boat across that tranquil space
Shot gently-swift towards where the eye
looked through
A porch magnificent, in all the grace
Of just proportion lifted, and to view
Like rock-ribbed Staffa's basalt avenue,
Whence issuing with wild scream the fright-
ened gull
Seeks calm Iona o'er the waves of Mull.

But on the moment when the pointed prow
Touched soft the threshold of that portal
fair,
The Voice, that had been silent until now,
Bade me alight and climb the gradual
stair
Which in and upwards rose before me
there.
“For soon,” he said, “thy footsteps shall I
bring
“Into the very presence of the King.”

Then quickly I alighted, and I clomb,
Half-sad, half-glad, the stair, ascending
slow,
In tremulous joy as one who to his home
Comes from long absence, fever-sick to
know
Whether there wait within some deaden-
ing blow
Of grief untold, or whether he shall hear
The children's laughter ringing loud and
clear.

When to the topmost step I came at last,
Two massive doors in curious sculpture
wrought
Swung slowly on their hinges, and I passed
Within that place. Ah, how shall I be
taught
To tell in language of this earth the
thought
With which that vision did my being bless,
Of pure unutterable loveliness.

No pavement of insensate stone I trod,
But smooth and soft and beautiful it lay,
An emerald-hued, sweet, daisy-sprinkled
sod,
Most like the flooring of that minster
gray
Whose roofless walls stand open to the
day,
Whilst chattering rooks the ivied windows
throng
And from the Wye comes back the boat-
man's song.

From out the turf sprang tree-like pillars tall,
Whose topmost branches interlaced o'er-
head,
Made the high ceiling of that wondrous hall,
So high, the firmament itself outspread
Scarce higher seems when on his moun-
tain bed
Amidst the heather doth the shepherd lie
And wakeful watch night's golden flock go
by.

Through all the place there floated mystic
light
That seemed not born of sun, or moon, or
star,
And whatsoever thing it touched, grew bright
As the snow-caps on distant mountains
are,
When up their outer slope the hidden car
Of rosy morning clambers, and the pale
Chill spectres of the mist desert the vale.

And in and out among the pillars walked
Groups of fair forms who seemed familiar
there
And to each other in low murmurs talked,
And cheerily the birds sang everywhere ;
And all, I knew, were joyous, for the air
Laden with gladness redolent of balm
Into the very soul breathed restful calm.

No painted blazonry the windows held,
But out through broad fenestral arches
ran
Deep vistas rich with all the life of eld,
So ordered that the curious eye might
scan
Whate'er had happened since the world
began,
And pictured see in true perspective cast
The long, tumultuous epic of the past.

Here frowned the rough beginnings of the
earth,
Grim monsters, growths of that forgotten
day,
When first the brute came hideous to birth,
And wallowing, gorged with surfeit of the
prey,
Dragon and saurian 'mid the rushes lay
To watch dull-eyed the burdened storm-
cloud creep
Angry and low across the untraversed deep.

Elsewhere beheld embattled armies met,
And squadrons wheeled, and pennons
shook afar,
Here flashed the lance and there the bayo-
net,
Now Greek, now Roman, drave the con-
quering car,
And now the sword beat down the scimi-
tar,
And through the cities of the sacred coast
The mailed crusader smote the Paynim host.

Then was I sad to see how all the life
That had been lived on earth was full of
 woe,
How brute with brute, and man with man,
 at strife
Had wrought themselves perpetual over-
 throw;
And the tears started, "Shall I ever know
"What these things mean?" I asked in
 querulous tone.
"Peace," said the Voice, "thou hast not
 seen the throne."

With that I turned me from the pictured
 past,
The griefs and glories of all time gone by,
And eastward up that presence-chamber
 vast,
Expectant gazed, when burst upon my eye
The throne itself, yes, lifted up and high
There stood the throne, with cloud-like
 glories piled,
And on it sat the King,—a little child.

A little child of form supremely fair,
All kingliness plain writ upon his face,
I could not choose but give him homage
there.

One hand I saw a lily-sceptre grace,
And one was lift in blessing on the place.
Close to his feet a tender lamb had crept,
The lion's tawny whelp beside it slept.

As wells the sea in sweet Acadia's bay
With sudden impulse, full, majestic, strong,
Each nook and hollow flooding on its way,
Swept, while I looked, an affluent tide of
song.

Far off the choirs began it, then the throng
Beneath the arches gathered caught the
strain
And the loud antiphon rolled back amain.

SONG.

THE weary world at war,
Too sad to sing,
Knows not how throned afar
The little child is King,
But frightened kneels to pay
A worship cold
To giant hands that may
Such reins of empire hold.

(Antiphon.)

O foolish world to lie,
And dream so ill!
O hapless man, whose eye
Such cheating visions fill!
So, singing still we pray,
And praying sing,
Haste, Child, the golden day
When all shall know thee King.

The tramp of armies shakes
The trembling earth,
From field and fortress breaks
A smothered flame to birth.

Across our tranquil light
The flashes fly
As on a summer's night
Pale voiceless lightnings die.

(Antiphon.)

The lips that curse shall bless.
O Earth, at length
Shalt thou see gentleness
Victorious over strength,
Thy multitudinous voice
Our anthem ring :
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!
The little child is King.

.

Then to their rope the laughing sailors turned
And hove the log, while all the furrow burned
In phosphorescent splendor, and the white
Auroral spear-tops hedged the North with
light.

II.

RENUNCIATION.



LOOKED at sunset forth upon
the lake,
And said with scorn, "'Tis scarcely
hard for them
"To boast their dullness and this world con-
temn
"Who love not beauty for her own sweet
sake.
"But as for me a mightier Christ must wake
"In all my veins, and from His garment's
hem
"A virtue pass not hid in graven gem,
"Erè I such sweet enchantment can forsake."
For all the West was golden on the hill;
And down the slope the boweréd gardens
lay,
With blossoms red, just silvered where the
rill
Dropt towards the lake, and dropping
seemed to say,
"Cease thy vain struggle, self-deceivéd will,
"Thy fetters learn to love, thy fate obey."

III.

IMITATION OF HERRICK.

CLOUD FACES: THAT THEY CHANGE.



THE FRINGE the coast of every isle
That floats about the blue
Of April skies, and through
The warmth of April airs we watch
Your shifting forms to catch
Each feature new.

Forth from the curtains of the couch
Where sinks the sun to sleep
Ye oft-times on us peep.
Dappled with roseate light ye smile,—
Ah me! what little while
That glow to keep.

Anon, from chariots thunder-piled
Ye look with grimmest frown,
Like angry warriors down,
On hapless earth which lies a-quake,
And soon your voices shake
The castled town.

But though each moment of the day
New visages ye steal,
Nor to one form stay leal,
The self-same make I know remains,
The same soft nature reigns,
Naught may conceal.

So, though a different look each hour
My Julia casts on me,
I'll not confounded be,
But knowing her the same alway
Will take as best I may
Her coquetry.



IV.

A SILHOUETTE.



MY Shadow and I, one sunny day,
A-walking went.
With gambols many and gleesome
play,
On pleasure bent,
O'er meadows and fields we took a way
With light besprent.

My heart was glad; and quoth I then,—

“Shadow of mine;

“Though faithless have proved the sons of
men

“As yestern wine,

“Yet as truly we'll be what we have been

“As sun doth shine.”

“Aye,” cried the Shade, “so truly we

“Will ever cling——”

Athwart the sun some cloudlets free


Their banners fling.

I look for my Shadow;—where is he?

A vanished thing.

V.

KEATS.

IS head half rests upon his hand,
As if, deputing her command,
The soul had sought another land.

Great wealth of auburn crowns a brow
Generous as his who weareth now
With glory England's laurel bough.

From the sad eyes there streams a light
Of fixed ray, serenely bright,
As the calm star that heralds night.

Ah! great of vision, who couldst find
In Nature's trifles Nature's mind,
Nor yet to largest sights wast blind ;

Couldst paint each flower Endymion prest
When, 'mid the herbage finding rest,
Dreamful he mingled with the blest;

Or trace in outline roughly grand,
Grim Saturn with his Titan band,
As mouthing thunderous words they stand.

Perchance 'twas well thy years were few,
For added suns had dried the dew
That lent thy verse its glistening hue.


And critic-taught thou mightst have
 strayed
From the sweet path thyself had made,
To seek the old and travelled grade ;

Nor knowing how the landmarks stood
Have perished, tangled in the wood,
The hungry vultures' carrion-food.



VI.

NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS.

 BEFORE the acorn dropt to earth
That held the Mayflower's keel,
Ere Roundheads found that com-
mon mirth
Disturbs the Common weal;

While England held a seamless faith,
And men could praise their Lord
With voices full, not out of breath
From winnowing His Word,—

Ah, then the Christmas-tide was kept
As Christmas-tide should be;
From face to face the gladness leapt,
As breeze from tree to tree.

The wassail steamed, they decked the boar,
The yule lit every hall;
Within was heard the chimney's roar,
Without, the minstrel's call.

36 *New England Christmas.*

Still sounds as ever from the first
 The Christmas angels' hymn,
Still shines the Christmas star as erst
 It shone on Bethlehem.

Still yearly falls the Christmas snow,
 And clothes the earth in white,
That pure of spot the Bride may go
 To greet the Lord of Light.

But we of the New England pay
 But scanty heed to these.
The angels' anthem sounds, we say,
 Like the December breeze.

The star is but the astral light
 We 've seen, and shall again,
The snow that clothes the earth in white
 Is only frozen rain.

But though our kith about us here,
 Taught by their stiff-necked sires,
Have learned to scoff at Christmas cheer,
 To quench the Christmas fires,

Yet we, around our wax-lit tree,
And 'neath our household star,
May change our smiles, may share our glee,
And leave the rest afar.

What though no wassail-bowl we fill,
No mistletoe be crossed,
Our cup of joy is with us still,
Nor need the kiss be lost.

What though without no minstrel wight
Stands knee-deep in the drifts,
And gazing wistful at the light,
His frozen carol lifts ;

Within, and hand to hand, we may
In heartiest chorus sing
Warm greetings to earth's brightest day,—
The birthday of her King.

THE CAROL.

I.

CHEERILY, cheerily, sing we all,
 On Christmas eve the shadows fall,
 On Christmas morn the sunlight breaks,
 And all the world to gladness wakes.
 The leaves are dead,
 The birds are fled,
 The little brooks' tongues are tied with cold,
 But bells may ring
 And children sing,
 For bright and warm is our Shepherd's fold.

Chorus.

Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all,
 For the day of the year
 It draweth near.
 We children love our own to call.
 Christmas, sweet Christmas, welcome here!
 Oh, day of days, most dear, most dear,
 Christmas, sweet Christmas, welcome here!

II.

Heavily hung is our Christmas-tree,
 The boughs they glitter for you and me,

The hemlock branches piled with snow
In evergreen woods bend not so low.

God giveth all ;
The ravens call,
He feeds them, so let us begin,
He hears alway
When children pray,
For He himself a child hath been.

Chorus.

Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all.

III.

Dear Lord, we would not selfish be,
All hearts are not so glad as we.
Remember, then, thy poor to-night,
And flood their darkness with thy light.

The hungry feed,
The wanderer lead,
The sorrowing soothe, the captive free ;
And pity, we pray,
On the children's day,
All those who have no Christmas-tree.

Chorus.

Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all.

VII.

THE VIOLET'S BIRTH.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TREATMENT.



ONE April morn as blue-eyed Spring
Stood gazing o'er her new domain,

Intent enfranchisement to bring
If aught yet felt the Ice-King's chain,

She spied at last an humble nook
Which still its snowy fetters wore;
She cast upon 't a pitying look,—
Those fetters could enthrall no more.

Each flakelet melted by her smile
Caught the reflection of her eye,
Hung trembling as a drop awhile
Then burst a flower of azure dye.

So evermore the violet blows
In gratitude when Spring draws nigh,
And in the blossom's tint there glows
The softness of that queenly eye.

VIII.

THE VIOLET'S BIRTH.

TWENTIETH CENTURY TREATMENT.



THROUGH the Winter, sad, de-
jected,
All their leafy verdure lost,
Lie the plantlets, poor, neglected
Captives of the giant Frost;
But when Spring the embryo swells,
Burst the prisoners from their cells.

Cotyledons first expanding,
Seek to gain the light above,
All their little throats demanding
CO₂, the food they love;
Love, for from it they distill
Dextrine, starch, and chlorophyll.

By endosmosis the tissues
Drink their differing juices in,
While from out the leaves there issues
Lung-delighting oxygen.

Soon warm April draws her near,
And infoliate buds appear.

Next the apices unfolding,
Fair Corolla shows her face,
Five unequal petals holding,
Sepals auricled at base.
Thus, we botanists affirm,
Springs the violet from its germ.



IX.

CLASS POEM.

1859.



THE Cliffs of Gaspé! since the mountains were

They 've hemmed the coast from
Lawrence to Chaleur.

So high aloft they rear their jagged crest,
The sea-gull, peering from her stony nest,
Sees the proud breakers toss their spray below,

But hears no token of the ebb or flow:
So steep, the bird, from out her eyry gray,
With folded pinion drops upon the prey.
Against these crags, the bastions of the shore,
Twice in the day the hosts of ocean pour.
Mailed in their brightness, crested with the foam,

Mad for assault, the restless legions come;
Their leader she, who, from her crescent car
Beckons the ranks, and marshals all the war.

Twice in the day the strong Atlantic tide
Falls back with murmurs, vanquished and
defied,—

While, proudly smiling on the yielded shore,
The Cliffs of Gaspé dream their peril o'er.
But still the Queen her watery ranks assures;
“Forward,” she cries, “the victory yet is
yours.

“The blows you carry with each onward roll
“Sap the foundation that supports the whole;
“Crumbled already lies the lower wall,
“Ere long the shelving battlements shall fall.”
And thus the siege continues, nor in vain,
For when, with April, suns grow warm again,
And frosts can hold the o’erhanging crags
no more,

They tumble thundering to the distant shore.
Not there to linger, as they strike the land,
The victor waves come shouting up the
strand,

And, step by step, retreating bear away
Far out to ocean their long looked-for prey.
Long time those fragments, buried in the
deep,

Swept by the stream, their silent courses
keep.

Hidden their motions, all is calm above,
While still they wander as the currents move.
The ages pass; at length from out the main,
Slowly upheaved, those fragments rise again;
And, builded firm by ocean's tireless hands,
At last in strength a new-born island stands.
An island crowned, it may be, with the palm,
Where naught, save pipe of birds, breaks
through the perfumed calm.

As Gaspé's Cliffs along the northern strand,
So by life's sea the homes of learning stand;
Aloft in air they rear a placid face,
The great world's surges warring at their
base.

About their brow empyreal breezes play,
And gently fan the thought of fall away.
Long we have hung upon the parent rock,
Firm-knit, and proof against the billowy
shock;

With quiet hearts and unconcerned, sur-
veyed

The noisy realms of politics and trade.
But not for ever shelving crags may stand,
And laugh to scorn an angry Titan's hand.

The waves must conquer, brothers we must
fall

Sundered and broken from the upper wall.
To-day the cliff, to-morrow the cold strand;
Then angry tides, and then farewell to land!
On ocean's bed, where hidden currents stray,
Unwatched shall each be borne his separate
way;

And last, the years accomplished, once again,
One here, one there, we rise from out the
main.

So may we rise that our long life's work
yield

Foundation stones, for other times to build
Strong citadels of truth, where future souls
May sit, nor feel a fear, while that great
ocean rolls.

.

A window yonder looks upon the West —
A small snug window, cushioned like a nest,
And nest-like hung among the tree-tops high,
Full-fronting on a great blue wall of sky.
Recumbent here, and fanned by airs of June,
The pleasant influence of the afternoon

Comes o'er one, wafting visions without
number,—

A sweet bird-music lulling him to slumber.
So let him sleep, but wake him ere the sun,
Smiling and flushed because his race is run,
Assumes the flaming crown his trusty steeds
have won.

From Auburn's turret to the Belmont hills,
A crimson glory all the horizon fills;
And shooting upwards to each cloudy fold,
Dyes heaven with hues earth blushes to be-
hold.

Ah, then our dreamer finds his dreams come
true,

For every cloud that floats about the blue,
As if himself had all its motions wrought,
Takes form and color suited to his thought.
There stands the castle, there the smiling
face

Of her he dreamt should lend the castle
grace ;

And further off are golden fields, and groves,
And lakes, and islands, and the hills he loves.
One afternoon — ere yet had passed away
The flower-wreathed sceptre from the hands
of May,

Beside that window fronting on the sky
A dreamer sat, and watched the clouds go by.
His thoughts were on the future ; How shall
we —

So soon to start upon our quest — who see,
From the bright centre where we stand and
mark,

Ten thousand paths ray out into the dark,—
Choose each the walk his feet may best pursue,

And enter on the maze with hope the only
clew?

Four beaten paths are calling us to choose,
Each points to something it were ill to lose ;
One to the ships, the warehouse, and the
loom ;

A second, meekly, to the sick man's room.
A third, to her who holds the balanced
scales ;

A fourth, devoutly, to the altar-rails.
How shall we choose ? The busy wheels are
dumb

That weave the pattern of the years to come.
More had he uttered, but the evening breeze
Whispered, " Look westward to yon sunset
seas " ;

He looked, and lo! those seas were white
 with sails,
The wings of nations, and he saw the trails,
The foamy trails of monsters breathing
 smoke,
And tearing ocean with their iron stroke.
Along the coast were stately harbors, lined
With jutting piers, and cities ranged behind.
Inland, the mill beside the falling stream,
And tall, lone chimneys garlanded with
 steam.
Well-pleased he gazed: "A noble dream,"
 he said,
"The world of strength, the lordly realms
 of trade."
Then rose the breeze, and gathering full and
 strong,
Swept to his ears these measured words of
 song:

Oh, hark to the clattering anvils!
 Oh, list to the whistling steam!
See the engine-pulses beating!
 See the restless shuttles gleam!
Rouse, rouse, and join the workers,
 For we have no time to dream.

The mighty world rolls on and on,
And circles the shining sun.
Full many a work have brave men wrought,
But a work remains to be done.

The anchor-tied ships lie tossing,
Impatient, upon the bay ;
Their long straight fingers beckon,
And their soundless voices say,
Come scatter your knowledge o'er the earth,
And the harvest shall repay ;
For the patient world rolls on and on,
And circles the shining sun,
While the task that is set for man to do
Is scarcely yet begun.

You may bridge the ocean courses ;
You may level the rolling hills ;
Send joy to the laborer's cottage,
And fruit to the fields he tills.
And your hands may forge the future,
If the heart within you wills.
For the world rolls on, and on, and on,
And circles the shining sun,
And roll she shall, while the ages live,
Till the prize of her race be won.

The song was ended, and the breeze at
rest;

Again the dreamer turned him to the West.
Gone the bright vision, gone the sails, the
smoke,

Like ghostly fabric at the enchanter's stroke.

But higher up, above the sunset glow,

Along the sky, a great white cloud moved
slow;

And from the cloud looked out a pallid
face,

With large, sunk orbs of such a mournful
grace,

And yet so human, surely now there lies

A lurking soul beneath those great cloud
eyes.

So thought the dreamer, when the breeze
once more

From the far verge up-springing as before,

In tones now faint and low, these words of
anguish bore :

O, passer by, the stony street

Has echoed many a tread to-day ;

In vain I 've called the hurrying feet,

They would not, would not stay.

But thou, perhaps, canst hear my cry,
Though fevered lips are almost dumb.
The day is dying; must I die?
O, come and heal me, come.

'Tis not enough that rich men leave
Their marble charities to earth;
The heavenly fingers surely weave
A garland of more worth
For him who pities while he lives,
Who walks the world with tender eyes,
Whose art directs the aid he gives,
And bids the sick man rise.

But none have found me lonely here,
Where I so long have lain;
Ah me! this feeble voice, I fear,
Will scarce be raised again.
So, passer by, whoe'er thou art
Whose shadow walks my chamber wall,
If thine's a beating, human heart,
O, hear me, hear me call!

The song was ended, and the breeze at rest;
Again the dreamer turned him to the West.

As phantom pictures from the lantern thrown,
Melt to new forms before the old are flown,
So the sad features left the vision's face,
And sterner lines now lingered in their place.
Those great cloud-eyes now sparkled in the
light,

Brows like Athena's wore the crown of
might;

The snowy robes majestic motions made,
One hand the balance held, and one the
blade.

"Justice enthroned!" the dazzled dreamer
cries,

"What call is hers?" Again the laden skies
Sound forth their message as the breezes
rise:

Subjects! Children! I, your sovereign,
Watch you from my mountain throne;
Discord, stalking blind amongst you,
Ploughs and plants the fields you own.

Pluck the kernels from her furrows!
Pluck them ere the blades be grown!
Heal the feud of man with brother;
Metre to each his righteous due;
Guard the orphan and the widow;

Draw the boundary limits true ;
Check the frenzy of the many ;
Shield the weakness of the few.

Cleave a pathway through the people,
Climb the granite steps of state ;
Proudly tread the floors of senates,
Mingle in the mad debate.
Sounding measured words of wisdom,
O'er the yells of party hate ;
Gird with law your young Republic,
Bind her azure zone with might,
Set the stars upon her scutcheon,
Bid them shed serenest light,—
Beacons for the shipwrecked nations,
Plunging blindly through the night.

The song was ended, and the breeze at rest ;
Once more the dreamer turned him to the
West.

Like mighty flocks bent homeward to the
fold,
Along the verge the cloudy monsters rolled ;
And gathering thick about the sinking day,
Caught the rich crimson of his latest ray.

Plied each on each, in grand confusion cast,
Long hung they ragged, fashionless, and
 vast ;

Till, slowly shifting from the huddled swarm,
At last their beauty floated into form.

A cloud cathedral, pinnacled with light,
Stood proudly fronting on th' approaching
 night ;

From sculptured niche and jutting corner
 quaint,

Looked the calm martyr, or the happy saint.
Through dappled windows a warm sunshine
 streamed,

And, girt with haloes, heads of prophets
 gleamed.

Then from the carven doors, wide open flung,
Came organ melodies, and thus they sung :

O, for a band of loyal hearts !

 In these our faithless days,
To walk out boldly through the world,
 And God's own banner raise.

From dull content and curtained ease,
 From shadow-lands of doubt,
To bid all souls come stand where rolls
 Their Captain's battle shout.

To breathe o'er troubled breasts the word
That stilled the lake of old ;
To cheer life's worn-out voyagers on,
Though clouds and mist enfold,
The fields are yellow — breezy smiles
About the harvest creep ;
From heavenly walls the Master calls,
But where are they who reap ?

Oh, for a shadow of the zeal
That dared, in elder time,
To gild the cross upon its shield,
And seek the holy clime.
Oh, for a glimmer of the light
That shone from martyr eyes,
Through scorn and shame, and smoke and
flame,
Still trustful to the skies !

The breeze fell off, the singing was at rest ;
The dreamer woke, and turned him to the
West.
The sun was sunk, the cloud had sailed
away,
And one pale planet watched the grave of
day.

What think ye, friends, and was the dream-
er mad ?

Were all the forms with which his fancy clad
The clouded heavens, idle visions wrought
From the poor fabric of disordered thought ?

Oh, say not thus ! but rather strive to see
Prophetic gleamings of the things to be.

'Tis true, we're young, our hands are pow-
erless now,

But hearts are earnest, hope is on our brow.

Ye seasoned critics, whose complacent eyes
Watch aspiration with amused surprise ;

Who, from your icy summits, love to throw
A patron's coldness on the youthful glow.

Who cry, " Aurora lit our morning too ;

" Poor things ! but they must learn the les-
son new."

Strive as ye will to dam the freshet flood,

The impetuous torrent of the early blood ;

Strive as ye will that eager pulse to tame,

The great boy heart will beat on just the
same.

The hill-born fountain, in its upward course,

Strives still to reach the level of its source,

But vainly strives, it cannot match its birth,

The glistening waters tumble back to earth.

But not disheartened ever more they rise,
Brave in defeat, all eager for the skies.
So let us rival, with untiring aim,
The proud head-waters whence our being
came.

What though, unequal to the skyward call,
For ever longing, we for ever fall?
The fountain's music whispers through the
air,
" 'Tis then most God-like, having failed, to
dare."

And now, companions, it is ours to stand,
And wisely, boldly, choose; then, like a band
Of sturdy woodsmen, with our axes bright
Slung over shoulders trustful of their might,
With blithesome footsteps, let us go to
thread

The mighty forest glooming thick ahead.
There each to hew his pathway as he will,
Alone and severed, yet remembering still
The dewy freshness of the happy ways
We've trod together in these earlier days,
While through the twilight shone life's morn-
ing star,
And the grim forest shook its leaves afar.

X.

A CROWN.



HICK sprang the briers about her
tender feet,
On either side and underneath
they grew ;
She murmured not, but with a courage
true,
Pressed on as if the pathway had been sweet.
And now and then she stooping plucked a
thorn,
And wove it in the meshes of her hair.
“Hath she no gems, that she should
choose to wear
“So sharp a diadem?” they asked in scorn.
But as she nears her journey’s ending, lo !
A folded door is suddenly flung wide ;
Out on the dark great waves of splendor
flow,
Flooding the path with their effulgent
tide.
And now the pilgrim’s crown looks all aglow,
The thorns still thorns, but, ah ! how
glorified.

XI.

TWIN ELMS.



ESIDE a cottage home there grew
Twin elms that owned a single
root;
Among the leaves the breezes blew
Sweet songs to children at the foot.

Whatever tempest smote the one,
And bent its branchy beauty low,
Her brave companion scorned to shun
But took in sympathy the blow.

Whatever Summer sunbeam fell
In smiles of light on either's leaf,
The sister knew its warmth as well,
And shared the gladness as the grief.

One day upon our sky there sprung
A cloud that first seemed far and small;
Then rose and gathered till it hung
In brooding darkness over all.

We stood beside the cottage door,
Dim thoughts and strange about us
 moved,
A music never heard before
Seemed sighing in the trees we loved.

Even as we watched the blackness broke,
The lightning tore its cloudy bars,
Struck one to ashes, and the smoke
Went up to float among the stars.

.

Ah well,—the sky again is clear,
And to our hearts this comfort come
That one is left, now doubly dear,
The only shelter of our home.

Long Summers may that shelter stand,
While we, for whom in love it grew,
Will strive, with fond and busy hand,
To keep its strength for ever new.

We cannot promise perfect peace,—
His gift alone who stilled the waves;
We cannot bid the north-wind cease,
Nor chain the Winter to his caves.

But this we can and this we will—
Whatever right God's seasons claim—
With loving hearts stand faithful still,
Through sunshine and through storm the
same.



XII.

"NO MORE SEA."



UNREST my birthright is. I can.
not choose
But rock and toss at angry
ocean's will.

For if, at times, my shallop lying still
Seem somewhat of its restlessness to lose,
'Tis but a sign that balanced on the wave
It for a moment hangs, the next, to fall
Deep in the trough where many a dolor-
ous call

Of tempest-voices mocks the untimely grave.
Meanwhile I sit beside the helm and mark

The scanty stars that peer amid the rifts.
Nor loosen hold; it may be that my barque
Shall come at last to where God's city
lifts

Her lucid walls, and beckoneth through the
dark;

"There shall be no more sea," her best
of gifts.

XIII.

IN EXCELSIS.



S Titans grandly throned on high,
With rock to lean on, rock to
tread,
The shadowy world half-guessed below,
A cloudless firmament o'erhead,
We sat and watched the Huntress Queen,
Her raiment gloriously white,
Girded with retinue of stars,
Walk through the spaces of the night.

The breeze had died at set of sun,
Deep calm clad all things, flower and star.
Through the dim mists across Champlain
The sleeping mountains loomed afar.
Oh! why not to the soul of man
At such a time come calm and peace?
Why sounds there not a voice to bid
The restlessness within him cease?

I know not ; only this I know :

A gloom around the heart is curled
Whenever, more than is our wont,
We feel the mystery of the world.
The splendors of the sunset sky,
The break of waters on the beach,
The murmur of the woods at noon,—
An untold sadness lurks in each.

We feel because we cannot feel ;

We know our helplessness to know ;
We ask, but answer cometh not,
Is Nature friend to us or foe ?
Oh, Mother, fair as thou art sad,
Oh, Mother, sad as thou art fair,
Lift the dark curtain's corner once,
And show us what thou hidest there !



XIV.

SUNRISE ON MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN.



U P! up! Away with sickly dreams,
The morn is almost breaking,—
And not for you will day renew
The splendors of his waking.

How chill the half-lit landscape lies!
How grim the pines below us!
As well they might be dead outright
For all the life they show us.

And see stretched out at languid length,
And in the twilight gleaming,
Yon serpent mist his coils untwist,
While through the valleys streaming.

Far off to right New Hampshire's peaks
Stand up against the morning,
A circlet proud of argent cloud
Their highest head adorning.

Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain. 67

But look, the East! With angry spring,
Impatient of abiding,
Up leaps red Day, as on the prey
A lion from his hiding.

How changed the scene! Good Mother
Earth
Now shines with features clearer,
She gathers new grace, as a maiden's face
When the one she loves draws near her.

For the pines, that seemed just now so grim,
All wear an emerald lustre,
And a welcome word, albeit unheard,
Breathes up from every cluster.

The misty whiteness coiled below
Is serpent now no longer,
But it looketh plain a silvery chain
To bind the hill-sides stronger.

The long dark shadow Mansfield casts
Each moment fainter groweth,
And soon the West shall glitter drest
In all the Orient showeth.

68 *Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain.*

O glorious dawning, thou hast had
Most wondrous power to win us,
From out the sad to call the glad
And cheer the heart within us.

So ever lighten, Orb divine,
The gloom that hides our seeing ;
Gild with Thy stroke the mists that cloak
The bases of our being.

And break, oh break that shade of doubt,
Our untried years disguising,
Till past and future share alike
The brightness of Thy rising.



XV.


LOWLANDS.



AS one who goes from holding converse sweet,
In cloistered walls with great ones of the past
And steps, enwrapt in visions high and vast,
To meet his fellows in the noisy street,
So we, descending from the mountain's height,
Feel strange discordance in the world below,
Is this the calm that there enchanted so?
It cannot be that we beheld aright.
But courage! not for ever on the mount;
Far oftener in the valley must we move;
The things that lie about us learn to love,
And for the work allotted us account;
Content if, now and then, we track above
The tumbling waters to their placid fount.

XVI.

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

“HE world against me, I against
the world.”

Strange words for him who just
now stood

On Alexandria's throne and hurled
His thunders as he would.

But rock is not less rock, though forced at
last

To fall before the beating sea;
Nor may I be the less myself though cast
Away from majesty.

God's truth I stand on, can I need a throne?
Or bishop's vesture, if I feel
His mercy wrap me with a warmth its own
While at his feet I kneel?

No, let them drive me thrice again from
sway,

As they, ere this, three times have driven,
So but the Lord be at my side alway,
I will deem exile heaven.

They call me haughty, of opinion proud,
Untaught to bend a stubborn will;
Ah, little dreams the shallow-hearted crowd,
What thoughts this bosom fill,
What loneliness this outer strength doth hide,
What longing lies beneath this calm
For human sympathy so long untried,
Earth's most refreshful balm.

But more than sympathy, the truth I prize;
Above my friendships hold I God,
And stricken be these feet ere they despise
The path their Master trod.
So let my banner be again unfurled,
Again its cheerless motto seen:
"The world against me, I against the
world."
Judge thou, dear Christ, between.

In exile, A. D. 362.



XVII.

SIMON PETER.

“ Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing.”



LIKE those words rough Peter
spake
That Summer's evening, by the
lake,
When all the rest their work forsake,

And only wander to and fro
With moans along the beach, to show
By outward motions inward woe.

All this, thought Peter, is but vain.
We cannot call to earth again
The King who hath gone home to reign.

Not thus should we lament him dead,
Who, ere he left us, gently said,
“ Be ye not sad, but comforted.”

With honest labor, day by day,
I'll seek to drive this grief away,
Until the Master points my way.

"I go a fishing," then quoth he.
His searching look struck through them.

"We,"

They answered, "also go with thee."

And so unto their toil they went,
And ere the night was wholly spent,
Joy took the place of discontent.

For, just at dawn, upon the sand,
They see their risen Saviour stand,
And hear him call them to the land.

That voice it is so loved of yore;
He works a miracle once more;
He eats with them upon the shore;

He tells them of the coming years;
He feeds their hopes, He chides their fears;
His love shall wipe away all tears.

Like those disciples, oft have I,—
When cares seemed heavy, danger nigh,
And only clouds athwart the sky,—

Stood still and said, “ Now all is o’er,
“ My life goes wrong, my heart is sore,
“ For me there can be joy no more.”

But then I seem to hear anew
Those words of Peter, brave and true,
And stout at heart my way pursue ;

My way pursue, though dim it be,
And oft, ere morning lights the sea,
Cometh my Lord and blesseth me.



XVIII.

TUITION.



ILLUSTRIOUS Mother, nourished
at thy knee
In the far years shall children's
children be.
Teach them the talisman of deathless youth,
The sweet child-temper docile to the truth.
He studies best whose manhood longest
keeps
The passionate thrill that in the boy's blood
leaps;
Eyes that look out, unconscious of their
glow,
Shy to be known, shall soonest all things
know;
Into the ear that listens and is taught,
Shall come the music of God's whispered
thought,
And him the beatific visions bless
Whose lips the hunger and the thirst confess.

XIX.

SAINT DOROTHY.

A MONK'S STORY.



ULL a score of Springs have blossomed,
Full a score of Summers died,
Since the vision — so they called him —
Since the angel left my side.
And you long to hear the story ?
And you fain would have me tell
Why I fled yon pleasant city,
Why I love my rough-hewn cell ?
Sit thee down then here beside me,
See, the fern-leaves still are wet ;
Full an hour the cliff will shade us,
For the sun is early yet.

.

Strangely like this heavenly morning
Smiled the morning, years ago,
When beside an open window,
In the noisy town below,

'Mid my parchments piled and scattered
Conning deep a cherished scheme,
Sat I, folded in the richness
Of a young man's morning dream.
Many a client by the threshold,
Watching for my leisure, stood,
But my heart was elseway busy,
And I bade them wait my mood.
I would build a stately villa
Far away without the walls,
I would feed its lawns with fountains ;
I would crowd with art its halls.
There, with comrades fitly chosen,
Rare delight my soul should take,
Peaceful as the changeless image
Painted on an Autumn lake.
What should care I then for clients,
Dingy rolls, and forum's strife ?
Haste, oh haste, ye blest immortals,
Haste to me this golden life !
Dreaming thus, lo ! on a sudden,
Down the highway, stern and hard,
Saw I, marching full before me,
Towards the gate, the prefect's guard.
Coldly gleamed their burnished corse-
lets,

Whilst amid them, raised on high,
Shone the white robe of a maiden
They were bearing out to die.
Then bethought I 'twas the Christian
I had seen adjudged her doom,
Yestereven for refusing
Homage to the gods of Rome.
“Bow to Cæsar! Worship Cæsar!”
Fierce had yelled the throng about.
“Worship God!” went forth her answer,
Clearly rung above the shout.
I had stood there through the trial,
And remembered to have heard
How the maiden, when they asked her
What should yield her death reward,
Answered “He, my Lord and Saviour,
“Whom I serve and whom I love,
“Keeps for all his meek and faithful
“Gardens in the skies above.
“There, 'mid groves of golden fruitage,
“Flowers that bloom and never fall,
“Walk with palms the saints who followed
“Here on earth their Master's call.”
Loudly laughed the mob to hear her,
Loudly laughed I with the rest,
But she only gazed the keener
Towards the cloud-bank in the West;

And when he who sat to judge her
Cried, "To-morrow morn she dies!"
Full upon her face the sunset
Flashed from out the crimson skies.

Yes, 'twas she, and I, to scoff her—
Cruel are the hearts of men—
Called from out my open window,
Called to her who passed me then,
"Maiden fair, I prythee send me,
"When you've won your martyr's prize,
"Fruit and flowers from the garden,
"Blooming there beyond the skies."
Turned she then a moment towards me,
And the roses tinged her cheek,
As she answered, "Yea, good master,
"I will send you what you seek."

This was morning, early morning,—
But the hours went idly on,
Till it came the time for feasting,
Nigh the setting of the sun.
Then, as I with gay companions
Lay and sipped the Chian rare,
Lo! as true as we are living,
Came and stood beside me there,

Clothed in white, a youth angelic,
With a brightness in his eye,
Such as almost seemed reflected

— Downward from the beaming sky.

In his hand a golden basket

Held he, most divinely wrought,
Piled with fruit and decked with lilies,
Rich beyond a painter's thought.

"Eat," said he, "a friend hath sent
them"—

Then it flashed upon me straight,
How the maiden, in the morning,
Bade me for her promise wait.

Tempted by unearthly longings,
With a hand that shook for awe,
Chose I then a purple cluster,
Fairest of the fruits I saw.

Tasted— Oh, that moment's rapture,
Oh, that vision, when the skies,
Rolling back their gates of azure,
Burst in fulness on my eyes!

There, with steps that weirdly glided
Like the moonlight on the sea,
Walked the maiden, and beside her
One whose face was hid from me.
All around them bloomed the lilies,

All above them gleamed the fruits,
While the clusters 'mid the branches
Mocked the flowers about the roots.
All the beauty she had painted,
When she spake the eve before,
Waiting for the cruel judgment,—
All was there—and more, more, more !

Swiftly passed the vision from me,
Swiftly closed the blue o'erhead,
Turning then to thank the angel,
Lo ! my heavenly guest was fled !


Here my story ends, good stranger.
Dost thou wonder now, I pray,
Why I left yon pleasant city,
Why I love these rocks of gray ?
Dost thou wonder ? Then I tell thee
I have pleasures all my own,
And I would not for a palace
Yield my little cell of stone.
I have pleasures, such as others,
Wrapt in thoughts of meats and wine,
Games and garlands, homes and villas,
Know not to be half divine.
True, it is not always heaven,—

Clouds they come and clouds they go ;
But a single flash can lighten
Dreary months of gloom and woe.
So I dwell here, careful only
How to help the poor and ill,
How to soothe the broken-hearted,
How to bid proud waves be still,
How to live that so, in dying,
I may reap her sure reward,
'Mid the fields that bloom for ever
Round the footstool of our Lord.



XX.

THE SURGEONS AT BULL RUN.

TRANGE work was theirs ;— upon
the edge of battle,
For hospital, a gray old church
of stone,
Without the batteries' roar, the muskets' rattle,
Within, around them, pain's low monotone.

Through aisles where never hurried step
hath sounded,
Where men have walked with solemn,
downward eye,
With heavy tread their comrades bear the
wounded,
Or lay them down, perchance unwatched,
to die.

Meanwhile, these bitter agonies assuaging,
The tireless surgeons labor 'mid the din,
Nor all the tumult mad about them raging
Shakes aught the calm that sits enthroned
within.

84 *The Surgeons at Bull Run.*

But, hark! The battle turns! The foe is
on us!

A warning voice shouts hoarsely in the
porch,

“Fly, comrades, fly! The enemy’s upon
us!

“They point their howitzers against the
church.

“Quick, fly, the drums! you hear what they
are beating!

“Haste! Time is short! Those guns be-
gin to play!”

This answer only follows them retreating:

“We cannot leave our wounded, come
what may.”

Brave words and true. No knight of ancient
story

E’er blazoned lordlier on his dinted shield,
No world-watched conqueror, athirst for
glory,

E’er spake more proudly on victorious
field.

The Surgeons at Bull Run. 85

Nor fell their sound uncaught by the im-
mortals ;

But, doubt ye not, bright-winged ones,
standing near,

Bore up with echoings, to the heavenly por-
tals,

Your words they heard so grandly ut-
tered here.

And through all years, whatever may betide
you,

Though blows fall thick, and evil seem
the day,

One, the great Healer, still shall stand be-
side you,—


He never leaves His wounded, come what
may.



XXI.

THE LAST DENIAL.

" Venio Romam iterum crucifigi."

"  EATH to the Christians." So the edict read.

No wonder fear on all the city fell,
No wonder if the frightened people fled,

Remembering the Cæsar's vengeance well.
But shame that Simon, named of Christ the
Rock,

That he, their leader and their head,
Basely succumbing to the tempest's shock,
Should, panic-struck, have fled.

But list what fell. He scarce a league had
gone,—

Shame on his cheek, and terror in his
pace,—

When suddenly a light about him shone,
And the old Master met him face to face.

" Lord, is it thou ? " the astonied Peter cried.

" And, tell me, why that look of pain ? "

" To Rome I go," a mournful voice replied,
" To taste my cross again."

“It shall not be, dear Christ, it shall not be.”

And a fire flashed beneath those eyebrows
grim.

“Long since my Saviour bore His cross for
me,

“Now comes the time to bear my cross for
Him.

“Oh, think not, Lord, I have forgotten quite

“The lie, the cock-crowing, the look,

“Or all the terror of that woful night,

“When I my faith forsook.”

Then, turning slowly, steadily away,

That strong disciple set his face towards
Rome.

“Farewell,” he murmured, “we must part
to-day,

“To-morrow greet me in Thy Father’s
home.”

Enough. You know the story of his death.

Bravely he met his bitter cross;

Silent he suffered; calmly yielded breath.

The churches mourned their loss.

XXII.

SAINT CRISPIN.



THE court is narrow, close, and deep
Where on my bench I sew and
sew ;

All round the walls rise dark and steep,
Brick here, brick there,—above, below ;
On every side brick mocks my eye,
But up between two chimneys tall,
There shines a little patch of sky,
And that my pleasure ground I call.

Oh, when the sun will only shine,
There's not a man the city through,
Whose heart beats merrier than mine
As here I sit and watch the blue.
For, if there sail no cloud across,
I think how deep the heavens are ;
How bright, how pure ; and what a loss
It were to never travel there.

But, if there come a sun-lit cloud,
Then greater joy is mine to trace
The foldings of each snowy shroud,
The changes of each giant face.
Anon the cloud takes on the form
Of lofty castle-walls, and then
The chill old blood within grows warm,
In thinking of the deeds of men.

Sometimes dim features I descry,
That mind me of a face long dead ;
And once there stood out on the sky,
The maid I loved but might not wed.
Again a great cloud-cross I see,
And almost trace the form it bore ;
Oh, then I know there's love for me,
In spite of all I lost before.

And thus, though close the court and deep
Where toil I on, day after day,
You see I yet contrive to keep
One joy no man may take away.
For God, who rules us with His hand,
And as He will bestoweth store ;
Although He gave the rich his land
Still keeps the blue heavens for His poor.

XXIII.

BEFORE ORDINATION.



THOU callest, Lord, I hear thy voice
And so in meekness come.
I falter, but not mine the choice.
Thou callest. I am dumb.

I only listen. I am least
Of all, and yet I know
Thou callest me to be Thy priest.
I argue not. I go.

All through the past Thy hand hath led ;
Grant me this day to feel
That hand in blessing on my head,
As at Thy feet I kneel.

The years await me. What they hold
Thou knowest, Lord, not I.
every side the cloud-banks fold
The edges of my sky.

But still within my ears there rings
One voice and only one,—
All courage to my heart it brings,—
Thy will, my God, be done.

XXIV.

OUTWARD BOUND.

I.



ON deck at even it is good
Alone to stand,
And in the cloud-piled West to
trace

What seems a land
Where thou and I might pillowed lie
Far off from care,
Could I but take the glittering wake
And, with unfaltering steps, speed out to
meet thee there.

II.

From West to East, beneath all skies,
By day, by night,
Astern the white-winged sea-birds keep
Their tireless flight.
Far, far behind their circles wind,
And I can see
They are the sure swift prayers and pure
Thy constant heart hath sent to keep their
watch o'er me.

III.

Fly back, ye birds, fly back, fly back
Across the sea !

Fly home, ye patient ones, fly home,
With words for me !

Go tell my love how all things move
As she doth pray ;

One moment rest close on her breast ;
Then, sea-birds, poise your wings, flash
sunshine, and away !



XXV.

ISAAC.

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide." GEN. XXIV : 63.



LONELY spirit by sad thought
opprest,

With few to comfort, none to
understand,

The son of Abram thirsted for the land
Where there remaineth for God's people
rest;

The far-off land beyond the sunset glow,
The golden land where happy saints abide,
And oft-times in the field at eventide
He questioned with himself, and longed to
go.

Why should he tarry? She whom best he
knew,

Whom most he prized, whose love no
shade of doubt

Had ever touched, so fond it was and true,
No more among the tents went in and out,
But where the trees on Ephron's acre grew
Lay silent, sepulchred by hands devout.

XXVI.

REBEKAH.

“And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah’s tent, and took Rebekah and she became his wife; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother’s death.” GEN. XXIV: 67.



UPON his gloom her smile like sun-
shine fell,
Into his life her voice with music
came,
From out dead embers sprang a living
flame,
The thirsty camels at her father’s well
Drank not more eagerly beneath the spell
Of her sweet presence waters that she
drew,
Than he her love, whose worth none other
knew,
And known was wealthier than tongue might
tell.
Her meekness hallows every slightest deed,
Her quick compliance half-way meets his
will,

Her anxious care foreknows his every need,
Her patience waits upon his weakness
still.

No longer sorrow's slave, now shall he lead
Such life as doth all righteousness fulfill.



XXVII.

CRADLE-SONG.



ABY of mine, lie still, lie still,
Cover those little blue eyes so
clear.

Oh there 's many the lady on yonder hill
Who would give me her necklace in change
for you, dear.

All the queen's jewels and all the king's gold
Never those apple-bloom cheeks shall buy,
Deepest of valleys the price could n't hold,
Not if they piled it up full to the sky.

What are you dreaming of, clutching my
hand,
Tiny lip curling and dimples down deep ?
Who are the friends from the far-away land
That come here each morning to brighten
your sleep ?

Baby of mine, lie still, lie still,
Should there fall aught on me here by thy
side,
Silvery wings of the angels will
Under their feathers my darling hide.

XXVIII.

THE HILL-SIDE SCHOOL.



HE builders of the elder world,
Beneath forgotten skies,
Wrought for the king the bravest
thing
Their cunning could devise ;
And proudly from her lattice leaned
My lady gazing down
To watch the smoke that curled and broke
Above the straw-thatched town.

Our palace not for these we build,
Not for the few or one,
For each and all we plant this wall
To front the rising sun.
For each, for all, for rich, for poor,
This tuneful belfry rear,
Whose music tells of her who dwells
A gracious mother here.

For this is Wisdom's hill-side home ;
To her we yield it now,—
Her, lowly-grand, of generous hand,
Clear eye and open brow.
And while these strong foundations last,
This roof-tree spreads above,
About her knee shall clustered be
The children of her love.

Them shall she teach the new-found lore
Of earth and sun and star,
Or point their feet adown the sweet
Old paths that lead from far.
Them, loosed at last, her mother-eye
Shall watch their journey through,
None proud as she they proven be
Brave sons and daughters true.



XXIX.

THE BURIAL OF LINCOLN.



HE father of a people sleeps ;
His patient toil is done.
For us, accustomed watch he keeps
No more beneath the sun.

He dealt in mercy with his foes ;
He made the bondman free.
Lord, as he did it unto those,
He did it unto Thee.

He braved the long tempestuous night ;
He watched the reddening sky ;
He tasted victory with the light,
Then bowed his head to die.

With booming gun and tolling bell,
We've borne him to his grave,
Through the broad land he loved so well,
The land he wrought to save.


Ye prairie winds, breathe low his dirge !
 Frown, all ye mountains gray !
With mournful cadence, mighty surge,
 Beat the long coasts to-day !

Our tongues are stilled ; we only know
 The Judge of all doth right.
With tears the precious seed we sow ;
 Lord, make our harvest white.



XXX.


“PERPLEXED, BUT NOT IN DESPAIR.”

E brave to live. Desponding heart,
 be strong,—
Strong to submit, to trust, to wait.
Our God is true although His times be long,
And hope's fulfillment late.
Hid by the misty curtain from thy view,
The years seem boundless, but a Hand
Which cannot fail shall guide thy feet all
 through
That undiscovered land.

Make not of work a labor. God is good.
What strength He asks, He ready stands
 to give.
Less by their fears, more by their love, He
 would
Have all His children live.
And thee He loveth ; stronger love is not ;
Earth cannot give a peace so deep.
Then calmly live, take patiently thy lot,
And God thy spirit keep.

XXXI.

TO A GODSON.

ENEATH Thy banner, Lord, enroll
This day one soldier more.
The waters of Thy cleansing love
On his young spirit pour.

We bring him helpless, make him strong
In head, in heart, in will.
With faith, with loyalty, with love,
His growing purpose fill.

Already from the distance come
The echoes of the fight,
Already glimmers on the verge
The lurid battle-light.

In all Thine armor clothe him, Lord,
So through the clash and din,
Unhurt shall he his footsteps keep
And stand with them that win.

As we to-day about him grouped
See traced upon his brow
The symbol of the suffering
Appointed to him now,

So may we then beside him stand
When, ended all the strife,
Around that forehead God shall wreathe
A fadeless crown of life.



XXXII.

LEXINGTON.

1775-1875.



QUEEN and crowned, who was
a peasant girl,

“This greatness wearies me,” she
sighs ;

“I will forget a little while my state,

“And, hiding from the eyes

“That watch the throne, will creep

“To where, in trellised sleep,

“The darling cottage of my childhood lies.

“I thirst to taste the water of the brook,

“To track once more the wild-wood ways ;

“My ear is hungry for the note of birds

“That sang in those old days ;

“And I would breathe anew

“The wholesome airs that blew

“Across the yellow tassels of the maize.”

O Queenly Land ! O Mother of our love !
Look back to-day beyond the years,
Look back to that sweet April of thy youth
Changeful with hopes and fears ;
A village maid once more,
Thy song of gladness pour,
And lift those clear blue eyes undimmed
by tears.

Then, turning from this home where thou
wast born,
Light-hearted take again the weight
Of gems and thorns a century hath made
Thy costly crown of state.
Benignant, gently-strong,
Rule o'er us late and long,
Thou lowly one to whom God said, " Be
great."



XXXIII.

THREE-SCORE AND TEN.



NLY the faithless heart grows sere;
Time cannot touch the child of
God.

Life—true life—doth but open here;
At most a trifling space is trod.

We will not call him old for whom
We know a boundless lifetime waits;
We will not dwell on evening gloom,
But point to morning's glorious gates.

The years before us make our hope,—
The years behind we count as dead.
Christ's soldier treads an upward slope
And all God's promise lies ahead.

Then let us keep our birthday feast.
Bring flowers for him our best of men,
And crown with amaranth the head
That wears so well three-score and ten.

XXXIV.

LATE HARVESTS.



HREE-SCORE and ten have ripened to four-score ;
The shadows longer reach, the sunset nears ;

But He who fills the measure of thy years
Full to the brim, pressed down and running o'er,
Sows as He gathers, scatters while He reaps ;
Counting the fruitage of the life we see
Only as seed of harvests yet to be
In the fair fields His loving-kindness keeps.
To Him we look. To whom if not to Him ?
For little hath He left in age to thee,
And little hath He left in youth to me,
Save His own promise that the eyes now dim
With mists of sorrow shall have vision free,
And lips now silent pour their morning hymn.

XXXV.

ADVENT HYMN.



WORD of the darkness and the day,
To Thee Thy waiting people pray,
Perplexed, assaulted, hard-beset,
Faithful we grasp Thy promise yet.

Dimly our home-sick eyes descry
The signs that fleck earth's sunset sky ;
But, while we strive to read aright,
The evening deepens into night.

Come, Prince of life ! Come, even so
As Thou from Olivet didst go ;
Make good the word, for honor's sake,
The twain in white apparel spake.

With cleansing fire our work to try,
Discerner of the heart, draw nigh !
Swing East, swing West Thy winnowing fan,
Till judgment thoroughly search out man.

So melts at last the twilight gray ;
So broadens luminous the day
When, stern to punish, swift to bless,
A King shall reign in righteousness.

XXXVI.

SANCTUARY DOVES.



INTO the half-built church, from out
a sky
That crimsoned all the West,
Came mated doves, and 'mid the rafters high
Fashioned their simple nest ;
With busy beaks, that quickly won their
store,
Gleaning the treasures of the littered floor.

And there, through all the work-day's thrifty
round,
Secure from touch of harm,
The brooding mother let nor sight nor
sound
Her quietness alarm ;
But gazing downward on the toil and stir,
Watched the deft hands that seemed to build
for her.

Within the temple's wall,— though incom-
plete,—

My soul seek thou thy rest,
From storms a covert, refuge from the heat,
And peace that none molest.

Dear is the freedom of the open fields,
But freest those whose nest God's roof-tree
shields.



XXXVII.

CYPRESS AND HOLLY.



CROSS the voice of children piping
clear
Their welcome carols to the Prince
of Peace,
Broke sudden-sharp a cry that bade us
cease
From wreath and song and all the season's
cheer ;
For lo ! unto our feast had one drawn near
Who with the Christmas angels mateth ill ;
And there had faded from that presence
chill
A life just made by new life doubly dear.
Then through the church of All Saints,
now most still,
This sentence sounded on a listening ear :
" Peace ! It is well ! Even thus must she
fulfill
" His purpose whom we worship without fear.
" The first of brides to speak her promise here,
" She leaves us at the Heavenly Bride-
groom's will."

XXXVIII.

AMONG THE KINGS.

E. A. W.

"And they buried him . . . among the kings."

II. CHRON. XXIV: 16.



ES, lay him down among the royal dead.

"His steady hand no more the cen-
ser swings.

"Room for this priest beside the bones of
kings!


"For kingly was he, though a priest," they said.
Great-hearted friend, thee, too, we counted bred
For priesthood loftier than the tardy wings
Of souls content with songs the caged bird
sings

Are wont to soar to. Thine it was to wed
Far-sundered thoughts in amity complete;
With Christ's own freedom fettered minds to
free;

To thread the darkling paths where timid feet
Faltered and slipped. Oh, it was not in thee
To blanch at any peril! Then most meet
That thou amidst the kings shouldst buried be.

XXXIX.

MY LADY OF NORTHWOODS.

 HE ripple on the lake she loves
Hath glance less quick than she;
No daintier touch the humming-
bird,
Nor thriftier mind the bee.

And, while I watch her elfish ways,
It seems as if I saw
Dame Durden back in high-heeled shoon
And peakéd hat of straw.

An alder-switch her only wand,
Her talisman a smile,
She lures the city-folk from far,
Full many a stubborn mile.

Nay, costlier miracle, she makes
The cockney soul confess,
Repentant from its sordid moods,
How good the wilderness.

114 *My Lady of Northwoods.*

O radiant days! O restful nights!

O hill-fed breezes free!

Good fairy, while the world goes round,

Keep open house for me.



XL.

CHARADE.




DEEP in my second sinks my first,
While blow on blow rebounds.
Through wooded - ways, where
echo plays,
The beetle's music sounds.

The axe has done its work ; and now
They toil with might and main,
And all, alas, to bring to pass
That what was one be twain.

Who decked the tables of the poor
With forms of beauty rare ?
Who made the clay his will obey ?
My whole, thou art aware.

XLI.

NATURA NATURANS.

ATURA, Mistress of the Earth,
A study hath, they say,
Where, century by century,
She sitteth moulding clay.

Fast as the images are wrought,
Her lattice wide she throws,
And on the ample window-sill
Arranges them in rows.

A sprightly critic happening by,
One idle Summer's morn,
Made bold to chaff this lady fair,
In half good-natured scorn.

"Natura, Bona Dea," said he,
"I'm bored to death to find
"What everlasting sameness marks
"These products of your mind.

“The men you sculpture into form
“ Might just as well be rolled ;
“ Peas in a pod are not more like,
“ Nor bullets from one mould.

“ Dear lady, quit the ancient ruts,
“ Retake the point of view ;
“ Do differentiate a bit,
“ Evolve us something new.”

Piqued was the goddess at that word,
Resentful flashed her eye,
While all the artist in her rose
To give his taunt the lie.

“ I’ll show you something fresh,” she cried,
“ I’ll teach you how it looks ;”—
Then plunged her fingers in the clay,
And modelled *Phillips Brooks*.



XLII.

AN ANNIVERSARY IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL,
EVE OF ALL SAINTS.

MDCCCLXXXII.



WITHOUT, on all the air a breath
of sadness,
Dulled skies, a fading year ;
Within, a presence of mysterious gladness
Filling God's house with cheer.

Without, the hurrying feet, the horse-hoofs
prancing,
The rush that will not cease :
Within, a grave procession slow advancing
To clear-voiced songs of peace.

What wonder if the old man's footsteps falter?
His eyes behold the dead !
They throng him, greet him, as he nears the
altar
Where that far vow was said—

Vow to be gentle, patient, tender-hearted,
Vow to be firm and true.
He hath no need, ye living! ye departed!
That promise to renew.


Now brimmed with pity, now with courage
ardent
The plighted word to keep,
For half a hundred years, yon eye regardant
Hath shepherded the sheep.

Father, farewell! Ere long, in heavenly
places,
Beyond the changeful years,
Perchance thou shalt these voices and these
faces
Remember without tears.



XLIII.

NATIONAL HYMN.

ROM everlasting God,
To everlasting God,
Bend from thy throne!
Take Thou our homage free,
Never to man knelt we,
Only great King to Thee;
Shield Thou thine own!

Keep in our hearts, we pray,
Thoughts of the elder day
Fresh evermore;
Works of the fathers dead,
Words of the fathers said,
Blood by the fathers shed,
Birthrights of yore.

Forward our banners move,
Broad lies the land we love,
 Glad songs we sing.
Proud echoes thrill the air,
Quick beat the hearts we bear,
Wreathed on our brows we wear
 Roses of Spring.

Held by thy righteous hand,
Firm our foundations stand,
 Rock-builted, fast.
While stars shall shine may we
Wise, just, victorious be,
Peaceful from sea to sea,
 One till the last.



XLIV.

THE LOSS OF THE SARAH CRAIG.



SUDDEN flaw, a startled crew,
Black clouds to landward streaked
with flame,
Full on the ship, before they knew
The calm was broke, the tempest came.

In gusty whirls the rattling hail
Incessant sweeps across the deck ;
Shrill through the rigging pipes the gale
Its dismal prophecy of wreck.

The timbers shiver 'neath the stress ;
While, like a horse, its rider gone,
The frightened creature purposeless
Through the great deep is plunging on.

Till, spent her strength, her courage lost,
O'ermastered by the pitiless wave ;
The Sarah Craig, off Jersey coast,
Goes down, and there is none to save.

XLV.

AT THE SHRINE.

CHRISTMAS-EVE SONG OF SICILIAN PEASANTS.*



OMES the herdsman from the
pastures;
There is nothing he can bring,
Save the yellow gourd of goat's milk,—
Curds and cheese his offering.

Comes the hunter, brown and foot-sore,
He hath tracked the forests wild,
In his hand a hare he holdeth
For the Mother and the Child.

Comes the little gleaner maiden,—
From the hill-side she hath sped;
Nuts and almonds pile the basket
Balanced on her crisp-curled head.

* Paraphrase of a prose translation.

Comes the woodman with his fagots ;
On the hearth they make good cheer,
When the night dew's touch thy chrisom,
These shall warm it, Baby dear.


We 're but poor folk, Mary Mother ;
Pardon, pardon, Mother mine :
Poor are we, and poor our country,
But the best we have is thine.

Welcome, welcome, night of gladness,—
God-lit night made day the while !
Welcome, welcome, Word eternal,
Break the Winter with thy smile.



XLVI.

GARONDA.

“EACE to this house.” More quick
than echoes are,
Attendant voices bring the sure
reply.

“Peace,” sings the brook. “Peace,” the
great fir-trees sigh.

“Peace,” say the ancient mountains from
afar,—

While broods above their purple rim the
star,

Earliest to trespass on the evening sky,
As if intent to utter ere she die

A blessing earth might neither make nor mar.
Garonda—to these benedictions grand

Would I mine own in humble sequence
add,—

May He who maketh sorrowful, yet mak-
eth glad,

Bless thee with blessings more than we can
dream ;

“Gate of the Mountains,” opened by that
hand,

Thou a Gate Beautiful shalt grow to seem.

XLVII.

VINLAND.



INLAND, Vinland, a pleasant
sound hath Vinland !

Some think the Norseman's anchor fell
Full twenty miles to East ;
In Buzzard's Bay his cruisers lay,
For seasons three at least ;
But be it here, or be it there,
What matters that to me,
So long as sunny Vinland
Lies open to the sea ?

Vinland, Vinland, a dreamy sound hath
Vinland !

Nay, there be skeptics bolder still,
Who swear by Woden and Thor,
No viking's sail e'er caught the gale
To south of Labrador.

Perhaps they 're right, perhaps they 're
wrong,
What reck's it, first or last,
So long as strong-walled Vinland
On Ochre Point stands fast ?

Vinland, Vinland, a cheery sound hath
Vinland !

Then let the antiquaries strive
Geographers contend,
Old lies detect, fresh frauds suspect,
Traditions mar or mend.
Columbus or the Norsemen brave,
To either I 'll agree
So long as kindly Vinland
Throws wide her doors to me.



XLVIII.

NEW THISTLE AND NEW ROSE.

A MESSAGE.



COURTNEY, good-bye! From all
her friends
Selecting one most true,
New England to New Scotland sends
Her word of love by you.

Time was, when o'er the garden wall
The thistle and the rose,
So far from letting blessings fall,
Not seldom came to blows.

The prickly thistle tossed her head
"What care I for thy thorn?"
The angered rose flashed doubly red
And answered scorn with scorn.

But now transplanted, side by side,
New thistle and new rose,
In bonds of neighborliness tied,
Forget they once were foes.

New Thistle and New Rose. 129

So, Courtney, bear our greeting East,
And tell these next of kin
How gladly we shall keep the feast
That brings your Lordship in.

How, spite of all the bickerers say,
The diplomats invent,
There stirs in Massachusetts Bay
No wave of discontent.

For all the fishes in the sea,—
What are they (say who knows)
That they should cause to disagree
New thistle and new rose?



XLIX.

TELLUS.



HY here on this third planet from
the Sun

Fret we, and smite against our
prison-bars ?

Why not in Saturn, Mercury, or Mars
Mourn we our sins, the things undone and
done ?

Where was the soul's bewildering course
begun ?

In what sad land among the scattered stars
Wrought she the ill which now for ever
scars

By bitter consequence each victory won ?
I know not, dearest friend, yet this I see,
That thou for holier fellowships wast
meant.

Through some strange blunder thou art here ;
and we,

Who on the convict ship were hither sent,
By judgment just, must not be named with
thee

Whose tranquil presence shames our dis-
content.

L.

THE DESIRED HAVEN.



CROSS the bar, at set of sun,
With gentle motion, tranquil,
slow,
Her harbor gained, her voyage done,
I see the stately vessel go.

A glory strikes her from afar,
Deep crimson lights her masts enfold;
Gleams, silver-pointed, every spar,
And all her sails are cloth of gold.

I see the friends along the shore,
I hear their voices full and clear,—
“Good ship! Good ship! Thy toils are o’er.
“Soul, find thy rest. Cast anchor here.”

Well-earned the greeting: earned the rest.
Pilot divine, whom winds obey,
To us who still the billows breast
Like entrance grant at close of day.

